

# The Mirror

OF

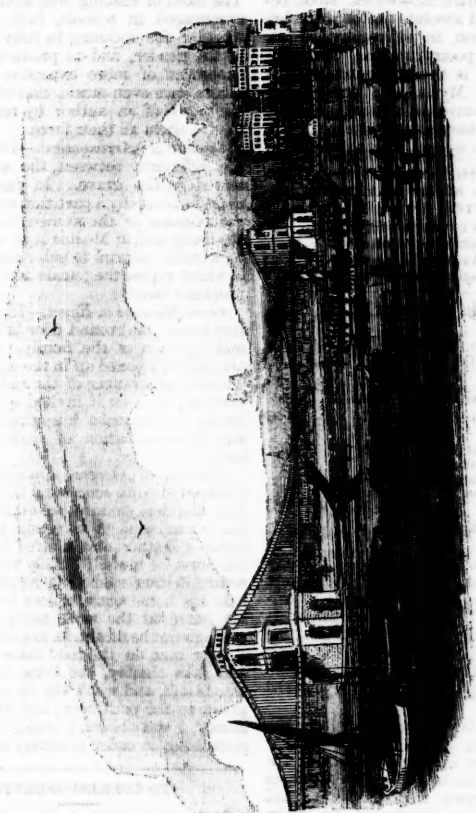
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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THE NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT  
HUNGERFORD MARKET.

## Original Communications.

### HUNGERFORD BRIDGE.

THE public will be rather taken by surprise to find that the new bridge from Hungerford market to Lambeth is on the point of being completed. Remembering, as many inhabitants of this vast city must, how many years the Vauxhall and Waterloo bridges were apparently in a more

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forward state before they could be announced as nearly finished, every one must be struck with the contrast now supplied when the Hungerford-market bridge, which careless observers would regard as little more than commenced, is found to be so far advanced that the public may expect to be in possession of their new thoroughfare across the Thames before next Midsummer.

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[VOL. XLIII.]

From the glyphographic drawing annexed, it will be seen that the new structure will be what is called "a suspension bridge." It will stand about midway between Westminster and Waterloo bridges.

The idea of a bridge over the Thames coming before the public on a sudden, seems almost as extravagant as the building of a palace in a single night by means of *Aladdin's* lamp. We can only say in explanation, that the two piers standing in the river are nearly all that can arrest attention in the present state of the works. More, much more, those who have watched the progress of the other bridges of the metropolis, would naturally conclude must be seen, long before the several parts could be connected. But let the inquirer pass from Hungerford to the wharf opposite, and there he will find that the ribs, the saddles, and all the iron work necessary to finish the undertaking have been silently provided. Every piece is distinctly marked, and kept in such admirable order, that when the pier on the Lambeth side is done, which will be about Christmas, it is confidently declared that the ironwork can be put together with little labour, and with such rapidity that the structure will be in every respect complete by next June, if not sooner.

It need hardly here be repeated, that the bridge is not for carriages, but for foot passengers exclusively.

Some doubts have been thrown out as to the utility of such an erection while Westminster bridge is gratuitously open, and Waterloo bridge, which may be crossed for a halfpenny, are so near. It, however, appears that it is not on the profits derived from those who go over it that this undertaking will mainly depend. Originally it was intended to build a pier for the convenience of the numerous steam boats that leave Hungerford stairs. This bridge will supply that desideratum, a commodious approach for the accommodation of those who are about to embark, and the rickety, wooden temporary *in-convenience* by which the boats are now reached will be removed. The bridge is to be entered from the gallery over the floor of the market. Combining the advantages of a well-frequented pier with those of an important and commodious thoroughfare from the Strand to the York road, Lambeth, it may be found both useful to the public and largely remunerative to the proprietors, which we fear the larger bridges have not proved as yet. The erection when completed promises to be one of equal elegance and solidity.

What the name of it will be we may almost be excused for saying its projectors and proprietors themselves cannot be expected to know. We cannot tell why, but bridges are very much in the habit of

losing those appellations by which it is in the first instance proposed that they shall be known. When the foundation stone of Blackfriars bridge was laid, an inscription was deposited with it, which stated the building, when finished, would be called "Pitt bridge." In like manner, Vauxhall bridge was intended to be known as "Regent's bridge." In these cases the statesman and the ruler intended to be honoured were put aside, and the bridges were called after places with which they were connected. The magnificent erection by Somerset house, on the contrary, intended to be called "Strand bridge," was subsequently proposed to be distinguished by the name of "Waterloo," in compliment to the Duke of Wellington. All London, we may say all England, acquiesced, and it will, doubtless, continue to be known by that name so long as one stone remains upon another.

From pier to pier, the length of the Hungerford bridge will be 600 feet; the entire extent 1,440 feet; and its height, from the water level to the footway, 28 feet. The height of each pier will be nearly 100 feet. The links that compose the supporting chains are made of malleable iron, and the weight will not be less than 700 tons. The property required to make the approaches will cost 13,000*l.*; and the bridge itself 80,000*l.* Including incidental expenses, those for obtaining the Act of Parliament, &c., the total cost will be 106,000*l.* It has been calculated that the tolls collected may, when the bridge is fully at work, be expected to give a profit to the proprietors of eight per cent. on their outlay.

## THE DESPOT; OR, IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

(Continued from p. 329.)

DEEPLY and memorably affecting was the scene which followed. Arrived at the place of execution, each victim was anxious to suffer first. The son presented himself to the axe, and begged that it might descend on him, leaving his father as many moments of life as the instruments of the tyrant dared to concede. But the prince claimed the sad privilege of leading the way to the tomb, and so earnestly prayed to be spared the shock of seeing the blood of his offspring shed, that the son gave up the point. He saw his father fall. The head was severed from the body, and the young man, witness of the awful deed, the moment after sprang forward, and eagerly kissed the venerated, but now lifeless features, and was thus engaged when the fatal blow was struck which laid him lifeless by the side of his parent's remains. Four other princes were beheaded in the same day, and one was impaled.

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intoxicate as well as brutalise. The career of most tyrants will be found to be marked by absurdities not less startling than their crimes were enormous. The wretched Ivan, proceeding in his career of wickedness, indulged in unimaginable extravagances, and the horrid was frequently found associated with the ridiculous. The select legion, which was to have consisted of a thousand persons of birth and importance, was increased to six thousand, and in this fearful body the lowest and most infamous of the mob were freely admitted. They were encouraged to commit every sort of excess. More than ten thousand householders were driven from their dwellings that the Strelitzes might be well lodged. They plundered with impunity, and brought forward charges which were wholly false, to gain an order for wholesale confiscation. To render their appearance more striking, a *dog's head* and a *broom* were ordered to be suspended from their saddle bows, to indicate that it was their province to *worry* the enemies of their master, and to *sweep* them from the face of the earth.

The magnificent Kremlin was not sufficient to satisfy the despot's pride, and by his command a new palace was built outside its limits, which was provided with bulwarks like a fortress. Its aspect was most formidable, and by commanders of that period it was pronounced to be impregnable; but fear, which uniformly pursues guilt, whispered to Ivan that within its walls he was not secure. To Alexandrovsky, to which he had withdrawn on the occasion of his threatened abdication, he determined to return. There palaces, churches, and houses, were soon seen in the course of erection, and the humble village was changed into a large town. The church of Our Lady was a splendid object. It was painted outside of the most dazzling colours, and enriched with gold and silver, while every brick presented a representation of the cross. Never was that religion which breathes "Peace upon earth and goodwill to men" more outrageously mocked than it was by this fiend in human form. While Ivan reposed in a splendid palace, defended by a ditch and a rampart, and while all persons were prohibited from leaving or entering the town without his express permission, and patrols constantly surrounded it to enforce this mandate, and while the most abominable sensuality was indulged in from day to day, Ivan affected to establish a monastery, and styled his favourite companions in riot and dissipation monks, and himself their abbot. Nor was this merely an irreverent jest; he made the brothers, as his Bacchanalian crew were called, go through the most solemn exercises of the church, and Prince Skuratof received the title of Sacristan.

It was his pleasure that this new order should be most splendid in its appearance, and for that purpose habits embroidered with fur and gold were provided, and at the same time he was as strict in his observances as if the most fervent piety had animated his bosom. It would almost seem as if the sacrilegious monster had cheated himself into a belief that the sins against reason and humanity, in the perpetration of which he was daily engaged, were to be atoned for by the solemnities he practised. At three o'clock in the morning he left his bed and repaired with his children and the sacristan to the church, in order to ring the bell, which was to call the brothers to matins. Any monk who dared to absent himself was punished with imprisonment for a week. Prayers were then read, and a service, which lasted from three to four hours, was performed. Ivan engaged in it with the zeal of a pious enthusiast, whose every thought was fixed on the glories of a better world. He sung and prayed, and repeatedly prostrated himself on the floor, and that with such energy that his forehead was often severely bruised. At eight o'clock the farce was resumed, and mass was celebrated. At ten the fraternity sat down to table, with the exception of Ivan, who remained standing, and read to them from some pious book, to assist, even while they were feasting, the progress of their souls in grace. They fared sumptuously, and the remains of their repast were sent to the market place and given to the poor. To mark his humility, the abbot dined after the rest of the fraternity, and then he would converse with them on spiritual affairs, and on the steps proper to be taken with a view to the salvation of their immortal part, in order "to make their calling and election sure."

Few readers will be prepared for what was to follow these devout exercises. His prayers ended, the Czar descended into the dungeons of his prison, to see the torture inflicted on the wretches who languished there. His ingenuity assisted the ministers of his wrath, and, prompted by him, the tormentors often succeeded in causing the unhappy captives to experience a more awful thrill of intolerable agony than their own unaided labours would have inflicted. From this scene, which might have appalled a demon, he withdrew, apparently much cheered by what he had witnessed. The sufferings of the victims furnished him with mirthful themes to heighten the gaiety of his evening, which, as might be expected with one who rose so early, was short. Vespers were read at eight o'clock, and shortly after he retired to his bed chamber, where three blind men, skilled in the art of story-telling, attended to lull him to repose; but com-

monly he directed that he should be roused from his slumbers at midnight, in order that he might commence the new day by humbling himself before the mighty being, his Creator, whom he lived but to outrage.

Such was the singular construction of this man's mind! But that his deeds were so unequivocally atrocious that charity cannot regard them as anything less than monstrous crimes, they would almost have been supposed to proceed from inspirations, or at least from virtuous error. But, alas! while singing the matin song, while in the very act of claiming mercy from above, he would issue his orders for remorseless butchery on earth. To torture and murder his fellow men, with the amusement of bear-hunting, were the great delights of his life. The former luxury never seemed to cloy. He went forward

"As if increase of appetite  
Had grown on what it fed on."

His fatal orders were issued from Alexandrovsky; havoc was the word, and princes, nobles, and substantial citizens fell in every direction. The ferocious Strelitzes, from day to day growing bolder under his protection, increased the number of their victims. Not fewer than twenty *per diem* are said thus to have perished, and, to gratify Ivan and his unworthy favourites, the unburied bodies were left as decorations of the streets and squares through which they occasionally passed, till decomposition had more than commenced.

Against these appalling deeds Philip, the new metropolitan, who had been compelled by the Czar to quit a desert island which he had chosen for his residence, was the only man who had the courage and the virtue to remonstrate. He ventured to point out to the despot the evil consequences which they were likely to produce here, as well as the tremendous punishment which might be expected to meet them in the world to come. For this the good man was thrown into prison, and treated with great severity. The morose tyrant, far from profiting by the sage council which had been given, now determined to extend the scale of his operations, and, not satisfied with shedding the blood of individuals, he aspired to signalize himself by destroying a whole community. At a fair held at Torjek, a quarrel occurred between a few of the select legion and some of the townsmen, and for this the whole of the inhabitants were denounced as traitors. The six thousand Strelitzes were let loose. Many of the people were inhumanly tortured, and many more were drowned. At Kolonna similar scenes were acted, and the ladies doomed to die were first stripped naked, exposed to the gaze of the populace, and then shot. This

wanton barbarity was not confined to the place which has been named. In Moscow the wife of an obnoxious boyard was often compelled, when he passed in procession, to appear in a state of nudity. Scenes equally offensive to decorum marked the pageants of the monarchs of France in the preceding century, but these were not inflictions on women of character. If disorderly females for pastime or pay appeared in several public scenes, their attendance was always voluntary.

In the year 1569 a native of Volhynia, named Peter, who for gross misconduct had been punished by the authorities of Novgorod, panting for revenge, determined to make the suspicious Czar believe that those who had incurred his hatred were in correspondence with the King of Poland, and contemplated putting themselves under his protection. He forged a letter to that monarch, purporting to be written by the Archbishop of Novgorod in the name of the inhabitants. He contrived to get it placed behind the figure of the Virgin in the church of St Sophia, and in due time the paper was found, and the Czar informed of all the particulars of the pretended conspiracy. This was enough for Ivan. Sentence was pronounced against the whole city, and on the 29th December, 1569, he left Alexandrovsky, accompanied by his son and the select legion, in order to execute the scheme of hellish vengeance which he had resolved to carry into effect against the inhabitants. Not to lose time, he exterminated the whole population of one or two towns on his way, and at Twer, where the metropolitan lately deposed resided in a monastery, Ivan's confidant and mock secretary, Skuratof, saw the unhappy ecclesiastic, and strangled him in his cell.

Ivan did not himself enter Twer, but established himself at a neighbouring monastery, where he remained five or six days. His soldiers, however, pillaged the town, and in resentment of the admonition their master had received from the metropolitan, their fury was especially directed against the clergy. A catalogue of horrors is now presented to us, which the eye shudders to look upon, which have the air of being too extravagant for romance, though unhappily they are well attested as forming part of real history. Not only was property of every kind seized and carried away, but the ferocious Strelitzes made torturing and hanging the helpless inhabitants their daily pastime. The Polish prisoners who were there confined were brought out and slaughtered in cold blood; some were shot, some cut in pieces, and others drowned in the Volga, and all this was but the prologue to the memorable tragedy which remained to be acted at Moscow.

(To be continued.)

## RELICS OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

THE *Counterpane* which covered the bed of Charles I at St James's Palace, the night before his execution, and which is made of a thick blue satin, embroidered with gold and silver, in a deep border, was used by the family of Champneys, of Orchardleigh, near Frome, Somersetshire, as a christening mantle, from the period it came into their possession, by marriage with the sole heiress of the Chandlers of Camon's hall, near Fareham, in Hampshire—a family connected with Cromwell. The *Sword-belt* of the unfortunate king is also at Orchardleigh house.

The *Prayer Book* of King Charles, and used by him on the morning of his execution, was sold by auction, May 17, 1825, by Mr Thomas, of King street, Covent garden: it was printed partly in black letter, of folio size, bound in russia, originally purple, but very much faded, with arms on the cover in gold, of the Elector Palatine, afterwards King of Bohemia, empling the arms of his wife, Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I, and sister of Charles I. The title-page was wanting. On the leaf of the preface was written, "King Charles the First's own prayer book;" and "*Ex Libris Biblioth. presby. Dumf. Ex dono Joan Hutton, M.D., 1714.*" On the title-page of the Psalter was "*Carolus R.*" supposed to have been the autograph of Charles. This book is reported to have been given by the king to Dr Juxon, who attended him on the scaffold. It was sold to a Mr Slator, for one hundred pounds.

The *Chair used by Charles I during his Trial*. This attractive curiosity was also placed for the king's accommodation upon the scaffold at Whitehall. It has a long seat and high back, and is covered with deep crimson velvet, a footstool being attached to it of corresponding style and material. It was exhibited at the Birmingham Mechanics' Institution, February, 1840.

The *Pocket Handkerchief of Charles I* was purchased some years since by a silversmith of Bath, at the sale of the effects of W. M. Pitt, Esq., of Dorchester; it was of fine white cambric, and neatly marked with the imperial crown and the initials "C. R." It was accompanied by the following certificates:—"This was King Charles the First's Handkerchief that he had on the scaffold when he was beheaded, January ye 30th, 1648.—From my cousin Anne Foyle, 1733."—"Certificate by me, July 25, 1828—W. M. Pitt:—as to the authenticity of the fact, I can only state that I was informed by my father, that Mrs Anne Foyle was a cousin of his mother's, whose father was much attached to the king; was present at his death, and obtained by some means or other, this handkerchief; from her father she obtained it,

and gave it to my grandmother, Lora Pitt, as is stated on the cover herein inclosed: the endorsement was written ninety years after the event took place, and my grandmother was born in the reign of Charles the Second. I myself know that that endorsement is the handwriting of my grandmother, who evidently believed it to be true; and this I write ninety years also after the writing of that endorsement by my grandmother."

The *Satin Cap worn by Charles I at the time of his Execution*. It appears that this melancholy relic, after having been in the possession of Bishop Juxon, came into that of Sir — Hungerford, standard bearer to Charles I, and afterwards into the family of the Innocents, of Great Newport street, Leicester square, London, who, it is said, retained it for upwards of one hundred years. It next became the property of General Crewe, who gave 70*l.* for it; and, lastly, that of the Rev. Edward Leigh, of Panton, whose executors offered it for sale, 1843. There was an old written paper fastened to the cap, stating it to be the identical one worn by Charles at his execution.

The *Watch and Shirt\* belonging to Charles I* came into the possession of the Hon. Bertram Ashburnham, who, by his will, dated 16th June, 1733, bequeathed them to the church of Ashburnham, Sussex, as appears by the following extract: "And I desire and direct my executor or executors, soon after my decease, to deliver the watch and shirt which are now in my custody, and formerly belonged to his Majesty, King Charles I, to the minister of the church of Ashburnham aforesaid, in order to be deposited among the plate and linen belonging to the said church, where I desire and direct the same may remain for ever." They were deposited accordingly in the chancel of the church; but, some rogue contriving to steal the outward case of the watch, they can only be seen now through the medium of a glass case.

The *Linen Chest of Charles I* is in the possession of the writer of this memoir: the inside is lined with pink silk, and the

\* On the morning of his execution, Charles awaking, after four hours' sound sleep, called Herbert, who was lying by the side of his master's bed, saying to him: "This is my second wedding-day: I would be as trim as may be." He then appointed what clothes he would wear. "Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary by reason the season is so sharp, as probably may make me shake,† which some observers may imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imagination."—*Herbert's Memoirs*, p. 127, 8vo. 1702.

As the shirt in Ashburnham church has the stain of blood on it, most probably it was the one worn over the under-shirt.

† Whilst Bailly, the mayor of Paris, was ascending the steps of the scaffold to be executed (1793), a soldier accosted him, saying, "You tremble!" "No, my friend," replied Bailly, "I only shake with cold."

outside covered with crimson leather, strongly studded with nails, tastefully disposed: on the lid is an imperial crown, with "C. R." also formed of gilt nails: the key is of polished steel, the top forming two C's curiously ornamented.

At the sale of the late Mr Heber's extensive library, 1836, the *Dying Speech* of King Charles, with some others of celebrated persons, bound in black leather, brought the sum of 50*l*. G. S.

#### A RUN IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

##### LETTER IV.

##### MULL, STAFFA, AND IONA.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Oban is a town situated on the north-west coast of Argyllshire, in the centre of a noble bay, with the Island of Kerrera immediately opposite, and the wild and rocky Island of Mull behind Kerrera, with the waters of Loch Linnhe on the right running into the Sound of Mull, and on the left Jura and Islay stretching away to the wide Atlantic. This place is much frequented by tourists through the western Highlands, because it lies on the route from Inverary to Fort William, and thence by the Caledonian Canal to Inverness, and more still, perhaps, because it is the starting point for a visit to Staffa and Iona. During the season, steamers are daily passing between Oban and Glasgow. They come by Loch Fine, which they pass up as far as Loch Gilthead, where there is a canal cut across the narrow neck of land which connects the loch with the Sound of Jura, called the Crinan Canal, and thence up that Sound to Oban. On alternate days one steamer runs to Fort William, and another to Staffa and Iona. Yachts may also be had here, for a week or a month, and on very moderate terms; I believe ten guineas is the price for the latter period. This would be a very pleasant mode for a party of friends to adopt, provided always they are not limited for time. They might touch *where*, and remain as long as, they pleased, and scour the whole Hebrides from Islay to Skye, and even, if they thought fit, Harris and Lewis themselves. But we were on other "thoughts intent." No deer-stalking in Skye, or Hebridean tour, after the style of old Samuel Johnson, were in our plans of operation; but Fort William was our limit, north and west. Among the *indispensable* things to be done, however, in my designs, was a visit to those marvellous islands which Science and Literature, through the oracular mouths of their *then* high priests, Sir Joseph Banks and Dr Johnson, revealed to the gaze and interest of an admiring world. Accordingly I went on board the steamer at six o'clock in the morning, after our arrival at Oban (K—

not accompanying me, as he had already been *twice*, and felt disposed for a quiet day). The day was stated by the captain to have been the finest in the season. It was not one of your gorgeous, sun-illuminated, but haze-smothered days, when you can see no distance, but one of those delightful days in September, when the air is cool and the atmosphere is clearness itself. The packet fare is one pound five shillings; rather high, you will doubtless think, for a day's voyage; but that day, you will remember, lasts *fifteen hours*, during which you pass some of the very finest coast scenery in the world, and your packet is not filled like a Clyde or Greenwich steamer. I dare say, however, that as the tour becomes more and more known in the south, the pressure of visitors will enable the proprietors to reduce the charge. The accommodation is excellent, and this mode of viewing the scenery you pass as admirable as possible, with the exception of the bagpipes, which are incessantly played during the day, and most Englishmen will feel like me, totally at variance with the steward of Sir Robert Redgauntlet, "who was so specially fond of the pipes." You are delayed by nothing; but on you go, hour after hour, with unerring certainty, and with a continually changing prospect. There is none of the inconvenience experienced by Dr Johnson seventy years ago: "Here the violence of the weather confined us for some time. We would very willingly have visited the islands, *which might be seen from the house* scattered in the sea, and I was *particularly desirous* to have viewed Isay, but the storms did not permit us to *launch a boat*, and we were condemned to *listen in idleness* to the wind, except when we were better engaged in listening to the ladies."—('Tour to the Hebrides,' Dunvegan.)

Who, by-the-bye, after that last line, shall say that the Doctor was a *beast*? But the substantial inconvenience of delay, perhaps for days, in visiting the islands of that stormy and uncertain sea, is gone. It is no longer necessary to "launch a boat," nor even to be dependent on a yacht; but the unfailing steamer performs with certainty the task it undertakes, and shows you the whole magnificent panorama in an autumn day. And what a panorama! Much, indeed, I anticipated, but more I enjoyed; much I had expected to see, but more I saw. You must follow me with the map of Western Scotland before you; you must have the chart in your hand to understand the bearings of our voyage. We first passed the ruins of Dunolly Castle, which I mentioned to you in my last letter as the former residence of the MacDougalls of Lorn, and which is situated on one point of the bay, formed by the Island of Kerrera, on which Oban is centrically placed.



Near this point the waters of the wild and interesting Loch Etive flow into the sea ; and separating the mouths of the two lochs, Etive and Linnhe, is the Island of Lismore, at the southern end of which is, what is a very necessary thing in that spot, a fine lighthouse. After passing that island, anciently the seat of the bishops of Argyll, you cross the mouth of Loch Linnhe, which is a very noble specimen of lake scenery, and is the terminating loch of the remarkable line of lochs which traverse Scotland between Fort William and Inverness, and now artificially connected by the Caledonian Canal. You are then in the Sound of Mull, and beginning your excursion round that island, which you sail completely round before the termination of your voyage. The Sound forms one of the four sides of the island. Here is the land of poetry and romance, indeed ! On your right are the hills of Morvern, so often celebrated in 'Ossian ;' although I confess I did not look on them with any of that interest which other scenes in that remarkable district gave me, from having been celebrated by a *true* genius, because you and I have long made up our minds to the imposition and quackery of Macpherson ; and notwithstanding Napoleon's preposterous admiration of Ossian, I own for one I think the great bulk of it sad rant. But if Ossian is not Homer, Scotland has had a bard, who arose in a civilized age, to transmit to the most distant times a memory and interest for her wildest and most rocky scenes ; and for the generation of untamed and desperate men, which for ages lived amongst them,—albeit now happily passed away, and only existing in the undying pages of the 'Minstrel.' The scenes through which you pass on this voyage I need not tell you are the *locality* of that delightful poem, the 'Lord of the Isles ;' and not far up the Sound is Artornish Castle, which makes such a figure in the opening of that poem, and was long the stronghold of those petty sovereigns, the Lords of the Isles. At the termination of the Sound, on the right-hand side, which is the mainland of Inverness-shire, and the extremest point of land on the western coast of Scotland, are the hills of Ardnamurchan, which stretch out into ocean's bed full many a league, and serve as a rampart against the surges of the wild Atlantic. For miles and miles their towering crests are seen before you as you come up the Sound, and turn the northern point of the Isle of Mull ; and wilder and wilder they look as you approach them—apparently only the residence of the eagle and the cormorant. What a country is this ! No wonder that man, unconnected with his fellows of a happier climate, became as savage as the scene, and yet would not exchange the fiery independence his inaccessible

mountains gave him for all the beauties of brighter skies and civilized life !

"No product here the barren hills afford,  
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.  
No vernal blooms these torpid rocks away,  
But winter lingering chills the lap of May.  
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,  
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest."

And yet, as the poet truly adds, as the moral to his fine picture :—

"Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
And dear that hill which left him to the storms ;  
And as a child when searing sounds molest,  
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast ;  
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,  
But bind him to his native mountain more !"

When you reach Ardnamurchan point, on a fine day, you see distinctly the peaked hills of the Isles of Skye, Rum, and Eig, which form a very bold outline. In the course of that day we saw a hundred miles, from the hills of Skye to the Rhinn of Islay. You then turn southward, and pass along the side of Mull, opposite the Sound, being in fact in the Atlantic ocean, and leaving Coll and Tiree on your right. All the islands I have named to you in the last three sentences have been described by Dr Johnson, as you know, in his interesting and admirable tour. The Island of Mull is a great grazing district ; a large quantity of cattle are annually exported, and so little of the land is laid out in tillage, that grain is imported for the consumption of the inhabitants. We touched at Tobermory, which is the chief place in the island, pleasantly situated in a fine bay in the Sound. After coasting for a couple of hours along the Isle of Mull, which on the western side presents a wild and rocky front to the sea, always invading it, our expectations were strongly excited about mid-day, by a distant glimpse of Staffa and Iona, standing out in the ocean. I strained my eyes to discover them, and gradually we approached during an hour's run, which eventually brought us there. We did not near the Island of Staffa, which is the first you see that way, on the proper side. You should approach from Iona, and then the Cave of Fingal is seen in its grandeur, as you have the entrance full before you. The arrangements are well made, so that you land in boats from the steamer, which is moored alongside, at one of the caves, called the Clamshell. The rocks are not in this part of the island high, upright columns, but ribbed like the timbers of a ship. We all climbed along, both sexes and all ages, to the wonder of wonders—nature's miracle—Fingal's Cave ! There is this remarkable circumstance about the cave, that though one of the most marvellous of nature's works, so that if a man should see it for the first time without being apprised of it, he would be overwhelmed with the sensation of its sub-

• The 'Traveller.'

limity; it is *the* thing of which you can form the nearest conception. It was almost exactly what I expected to see. The cave runs two hundred and fifty feet, with columnar rocks of basalt, sixty or seventy feet high, and the sea eternally breaking and moaning against those picturesque pillars, which seem to stand the memorials of a former world. The description of Scotland's poet is the only adequate one, and will bear repetition for the thousandth time:—

"The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,  
And Ulva dark and Colonsay,  
And all the group of islets gay,  
That guard famed Staffa round.  
Then all unknown its columns rose,  
Where dark and undisturbed repose,  
The cormorant had found,  
And the shy seal had quiet home,  
And weltered in that wondrous dome;  
Where as to shame the temples deckt  
By skill of earthly architect,  
Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise  
A Minster to her Maker's praise!  
Nor for a meaner use ascend  
Her columns, or her arches bend;  
Nor of a theme less solemn tells  
That mighty surge that ebb and swells,  
And still, between each awful pause,  
From the high vault an answer draws,  
In varied tone, prolonged and high,  
That mocks the organ's melody.  
Nor doth its entrance front in vain  
To old Iona's holy fane,  
That Nature's voice might seem to say,  
'Well hast thou done, frail child of clay!  
Thy humble powers, that stately shrine,  
Task'd high and hard—but witness mine!'"

Doubtless there is a continuous basaltic substratum across the seas from Staffa to the Giant's Causeway and thence far inland.\*

The island of Staffa is about two miles in circumference, and is depastured in summer by black cattle. About ten miles distant is *Iona*, meaning, according to the picturesque language of the Gael, the Island of the waves, and *Icolmkill*, meaning the Island of the cell of St Columba. Here we again landed, and I own I was somewhat disappointed, although unreasonably, for if I only saw ruins and a wretched 'clachan' of fishermen, what else was I to expect? The whole interest of the scene was moral, and that at any rate was intense. The site, however, of the celebrated monastery and cathedral is very grand. On your left is the distant Staffa, and on the right the isles of Jura and Colonsay,—and before you the wild rocks of Mull, tenanted only by the cormorant, and around you the Atlantic ocean. The enthusiasm of Dr Johnson was so strongly roused when

treading this celebrated island, that it developed itself in a passage of eloquence which is, in our opinion, you know, the finest in all the Johnsonian declamations:—"We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over ground which has been dignified by wisdom, learning, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." The Doctor afterwards minutely and agreeably describes the monumental ruins, and adds a passage not generally known on the important point of Iona being the site of interment of the Scottish kings. "Iona," he says, "has long enjoyed, *without any very credible attestation*, the honour of being reputed the cemetery of the Scottish kings. It is not unlikely, that when the opinion of local sanctity was very prevalent, the chieftains of the isles, and perhaps some of the Norwegian and Irish princes, were deposited in this venerable enclosure; but by whom the subterraneous vaults are peopled is now utterly unknown. The graves are very numerous, and some of them undoubtedly contain the remains of men who did not expect to be so soon forgotten."

After leaving Iona, we came in sight of Colonsay, and then turning our course by the southern side of Mull, had Jura on our right, with Ben Cruachan distinctly visible in the distance. All the coast scenery on both sides is peculiarly bold and rocky, and the cliffs stand up like battlemented castles from the deep in a succession of many a mile. Eventually, at nine o'clock in the evening, we arrived at Oban, after a day enjoyed, by me at least for one, as one of the most interesting it has ever been my good fortune to spend, and I felt, indeed, after the intensely-exciting scenery we had been passing, and the instructive "lessons on objects" we had been taking for fifteen hours, that on retiring to rest on that day, at any rate, I might conscientiously say, "*Diem non perdidit!*"

Your affectionate brother,

ALFRED.

*Science Rewarded.*—It is with pleasure we announce that a pension of 200*l.* a year has been granted by her Majesty to Sir William Hamilton, Professor of Astronomy, and President of the Royal Irish Academy.—Rumours are current that the Presidency of King's College, London, is about to be given to Dr Mill, formerly President of Bishop's College, Calcutta.

\* A few years ago two gentlemen, one from Edinburgh and another from London, went from Mull to Staffa in an open boat; and it being then fine weather, sent the boat back. A storm, however, arose, which continued for some days, so that the boat could not return. The gentlemen were obliged to kill a sheep, and lighted a fire with the lucifer matches for their cigars, sleeping in one of the caves.





*Arms.* Or three eagles displayed, purple.

*Crest.* On a ducal coronet or, an eagle rising, purple.

*Supporters.* Two eagles, wings endorsed, purple, each sustaining with the interior claws a banner of St George, tasselled or, the staves enfiled with a naval coronet of the last.

*Motto.* "Non generant aquilæ columbas." "Eagles do not generate doves."

#### THE NOBLE HOUSE OF RODNEY.

SPLendid deeds of modern date, and not a lineage of extraordinary antiquity, distinguish the noble house of Rodney.

The eminent man who raised it to the proud rank which it now claims was George Brydges Rodney. He was the son of Henry Rodney, Esq., of Walton-on-Thames, and Mary, eldest daughter and co-heir of Sir Henry Newton, Knight, and Envoy Extraordinary to Genoa, Tuscany, &c., LL.D., and Judge of the Admiralty. He was born February 13, 1718. He devoted himself to the naval service of his country, and having passed with credit through the humbler walks of the service, became Vice-Admiral in 1762; was created a Baronet, January 22, 1764; and in 1780 made a Knight of the Bath. On the 19th of June, 1782, he was elevated to the Peerage as Baron Rodney, of Rodney Stoke, county of Somerset, as a reward for the memorable victory gained over the French fleet, commanded by the Count de Grasse, on the 12th of April in that year. No triumph was ever more welcome to the English nation. It came at a moment when the people generally were dispirited at the ill success of the war with America, and all the circumstances were honourable to the British name and to the hero who commanded. It was at daybreak on the 12th that the line of battle was formed. The hostile fleets were nearly equal in force. Rodney had thirty-six ships under him, his antagonist thirty-four; but the latter had a greater number of guns, besides a body of land forces then on their way to attack the island of Jamaica. A cable's length was allowed by Rodney between each ship. The signal being given for close combat, the ships came up severally and took their stations against their selected opponents. Victory was held in suspense, when the English Admiral executed a manœuvre which, according to some writers, was never before resorted to in British naval tactics, but which has since been repeated

with splendid success. In his own ship the "Formidable," supported by the "Namur," the "Duke," and the "Canada," he bore down, with all sails set, on the enemy's line, within three ships of the centre, and succeeded in breaking through it. This was accomplished with the most masterly skill. "In the act of doing so," says Sir Gilbert Blaine, "we passed within pistol shot of the 'Glorieux,' which was so terribly handled, that, being shorn of all her masts, bowsprit, and ensign staff, but with a white flag nailed to her stump, and breathing defiance, as it were, in her last moments, she lay, a motionless hulk, presenting a spectacle which struck our Admiral's fancy as not unlike the remains of a fallen hero; being an indefatigable reader of Homer, he exclaimed, 'That now was to be the contest for the body of Patroclus!'"

The result was all that he could have desired, and the French were totally defeated, with the loss of eight ships; one had been sunk, one blew up after she had been taken, and six remained in the hands of the conqueror. One of these was the Admiral's own ship, the "Ville de Paris," of 106 guns, and the only first-rate man-of-war that had then ever been taken into port as a prize by a naval commander. She had been a present to Louis XV, from the city of Paris, and was said to have cost 176,000*l*. Her commander had made a gallant resistance, fighting, though surrounded, till night, and when he at length submitted, only three of the survivors of his crew remained without a wound.

In the following year Lord Rodney was granted a pension of 2,000*l*. per annum to himself and his successors, for his conduct during the war.

He married in January, 1753, Jane, the daughter of Charles Compton, Esq., sister of Spencer, Earl of Northampton, by whom he had two sons, George, who succeeded to the Peerage, and James, who was lost at sea in 1776. His Lordship having become a widower, married Henrietta,

daughter of John Clies, Esq., by whom he had two sons. He died May 21, 1792, and was succeeded by his eldest son, George, who was born December 25, 1753, who married, April 10, 1781, Anne, daughter of the Right Hon. Thomas Harley, Alderman of London, and grandson of Edward, third Earl of Oxford, by whom he had a numerous family. He died January 2, 1802, and was succeeded by his eldest son, George, the Peer lately deceased.

#### REGICIDAL OUTRAGES.

LAHORE, in the East Indies, has again been the scene of deeds of blood shocking to humanity. The murders perpetrated have all the wildness and ferocity about them which have heretofore marked oriental outbreaks. Revolutions there, however, deliberately planned when the moment for proceeding to action comes, are executed with the rapidity of thought, and tragedy speedily succeeds to tragedy.

It appears that an insurrection broke out at Lahore on the 15th of September. It was marked by the murder of Shere Singh, his son, and all their families. The Sirdar Ajeet Singh was the perpetrator of this bloody tragedy. The event took place at the north gate of Lahore, about a mile and a half from the palace, at half-past nine o'clock in the morning. The conspiracy was formed by Fokeer Azeez-ood-deen and Dhyhan Singh, and it fell to the lot of Sirdar Ajeet Singh to execute it; Sirdars Golab Singh, Lena Singh, and Sochet Singh were also concerned. Dhyhan made the arrangement by proposing to the Maharajah to inspect Ajeet's troops, which the Maharajah said he would do the following morning, and orders were accordingly issued. On the Maharajah's arrival at the parade ground he found fault with the appearance and condition of some horsemen purposely placed to attract attention, when Ajeet became angry, words ran high, and drawing a pistol from his bosom, he shot Shere Singh through the head, the ball having entered his right temple. General Ventura and his party attacked the murderer, but being opposed by a powerful body of troops, were defeated. Ajeet cut up the Rajah's body, placed his head on a spear, and on entering the town met Prince Purtaub Singh's suwarie, which was immediately attacked, and the prince killed. The palace was taken, the treasury thrown open, and the troops paid their arrears of pay; every child and all the wives of Shere Singh and Prince Purtaub were then brought out and murdered, amongst the rest one of Shere Singh's sons only born the previous evening. Troops were sent off to guard all the ghauts, and all the opposite party (except Gen. Ventura, who

escaped) were made prisoners. Ajeet, after having killed Shere Singh, was returning to the fort and met Dhyhan; he told him he had done the deed, and asked him to return; he got into Dhyhan's carriage, and when they got near the gate of the fort, Ajeet stabbed Dhyhan, and sent his body to his brother and his son, who surrounded the city with their troops, while the people inside continued plundering all night. In the morning (16th) Heera Singh having entered the fort, seized Ajeet, Lena, and others, and having avenged the murder of his father by putting them to death, exposed their heads in the plain and threw their bodies into the bazaar. Dhuleep Singh, an alleged son of Kurruck, ten years of age, is on the throne, and Heera Singh has been appointed Prime Minister.

The reader will be struck with the swift succession of rulers. The prince now advanced is the fifth that has ascended the throne since 1839, being something more than a monarch per year. Runjeet Singh died in June, 1839; his son Kurruck succeeded. He died, and was followed by Nao Nehal Singh, who was killed at his father's funeral. Shere Singh succeeded, and he has been killed, and a child placed in his room, to become a victim in his turn.

The anarchy which prevails, it is thought, will lead to British interference. Our empire, we believe it is generally felt, is more than sufficiently large. Experience has taught England that the happiness of a nation does not increase in proportion as it multiplies the number of its foreign dependencies. Still, where such anarchy prevails, it is almost to be wished that a power capable of commanding obedience should in charity step forward to govern those who seem so miserably incapable of governing themselves.

#### AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

##### LETTER VII.

As in a state of nature all animals instinctively frequent those localities which are best adapted to their habits and wants, so also do plants, in the same way, accommodate themselves to the changes taking place in the surrounding soils. Salt-loving plants frequent the sandy margins of the sea, and peaty soils are distinguished by their woolly grass. The serpentine rocks are clothed with the Cornish heath, *Erica vagans*, while the red broom-rape, *Orobancha rubra*, thrives best on basaltic rocks. Some plants seek an acid soil; others again, one where alkalis abound: thus, the red clover and the vetch are found with gypsum; and white clover where alkaline salts are present.

Not only so, but plants of peculiar tribes appear or disappear in the same spots, as the nature of the land is changed;—thus, by a natural alternation of races, giving a most important lesson to the agriculturist. "Burn down a forest of pines in Sweden, and one of birch takes its place *for a while*. The pines after a time spring up, and ultimately supersede the birch. The same takes place naturally. On the shores of the Rhine are seen ancient forests of oak, from two to four centuries old, gradually giving place to a natural growth of beech; and others, where the pine is succeeding to both. In the Palatinate the ancient oak woods are followed by natural pines; and in Jura, the Tyrol, and Bohemia, the pine alternates with the beech."\*

Plants in an artificial state of culture are subject to the same laws of alternation, and therefore chemistry steps in for the purpose of supplying, by proper manures, the deficiency of those portions of the soil forming the peculiar food of the vegetable we wish to rear.

Manures may be divided into *organic* and *inorganic*. Under the term *organic* we include all those which are of animal or vegetable origin;—for the principles in both are the same: under the term *inorganic* are referred the manures which are of mineral derivation, as *salt, nitrate of soda, &c.*

We have already, in our previous papers, stated that the ultimate principles of organized matter are oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen. The substances exist, therefore, in organic manures: and during the process of rotting, or putrefaction, are eliminated. But, however, these elements are not imbibed by the plant in their separate state. On the moment of escape, or in the nascent state, as the chemist terms it, these substances unite with each other to form new and important compounds:—these are principally water, carbonic acid, and ammonia. Thus oxygen eight parts, unite with hydrogen one part, to form *one atom of water*. Carbon six parts, unite with oxygen sixteen parts, to form *carbonic acid*; and finally, nitrogen fourteen parts, unite with hydrogen three parts, to form *ammonia*.

When the manure is of animal origin we have, also, other compounds given off during decomposition, producing the offensive odours so well known. The principal of these unpleasant compounds is hydrosulphuric acid, or sulphuretted hydrogen. It is the cause of the odour emitted from rotten eggs, and consists of sulphur sixteen parts, with hydrogen one part.

Mineral manures, when placed in the soil, act either mechanically or chemically.

Thus, when we introduce quantities of sand, our object is *frequently* merely me-

chanical, so as to correct the heavy and cold nature of clayey loam, and render it more light and porous. Sand, however, often serves a *chemical* purpose as well, in assisting to form the soluble silicates.

The soluble mineral manures, such as salt, nitrate of soda, &c., as well as those which in a short time become soluble, by entering into new combinations, or by undergoing decomposition, serve merely *chemical* purposes, by correcting the acidity, or alkalinity of the soil; or by entering, in some new form, into the circulation of the growing plant.

In some instances the soil requires *principally*, if not *solely*, mineral manures. In other cases organic manures must be applied, in order to support the growing vegetable. Manures are to be valued, therefore, according to the circumstances demanding them. If their value be estimated by the quantities of inorganic matters, of course the mineral soluble substances are best; but as it may be most convenient to combine organic and inorganic matters, we shall give a table showing the amount of fertilizing mineral matter which may be obtained from certain substances, used as manures. Every *ton* by weight, therefore, will yield the number of pounds weight of inorganic matter, indicated by the figures appended:

Wheat straw . . . .	70 to 360
Oat straw . . . .	100 to 180
Hay . . . .	100 to 200
Barley straw . . . .	100 to 120
Pea straw . . . .	100
Bean straw . . . .	60 to 80
Rye straw . . . .	50 to 70
Dry potatoe tops . . . .	100
Dry turnip tops . . . .	260
Rape cake . . . .	120

If, however, we wish to estimate manures by the amount of nitrogen contained in them, then the following table may be taken:

Farm-yard manure . . . .	100
Wheat straw . . . .	80 to 170
Oat straw . . . .	150
Barley straw . . . .	180
Buckwheat . . . .	85
Pea straw . . . .	45
Wheat chaff . . . .	50
Green grass . . . .	80
Potatoe tops . . . .	75
Fresh seaweed . . . .	80
Rape dust . . . .	8
Fir sawdust . . . .	250
Oak sawdust . . . .	180
Coal soot . . . .	30

The preceding tables have been drawn up principally in reference to vegetable manures. Animal manures are generally richer in nitrogen; but owing to their more speedy decomposition, when placed upon the soil, they are often less useful to the plant than the more slowly-decaying vegetable compost.

In a future paper we shall compare the relative value of animal and vegetable manures.

\* Johnston.

## Reviews.

*The Novel Newspaper.* Vol. XV.

THOUGH originally published as a newspaper, we have before us a goodly tome, containing matter which, when first given to the world, filled fourteen or fifteen volumes. Their unabridged contents are now presented closely printed, but in a good type, and it costs to possess them not more than twice as much as would once have been claimed for a hurried perusal of them. The productions which form this volume are 'The Damsel of Darien,' by W. Gilmore Simms, Esq.; 'The Italian,' by Mrs Radcliffe; 'Isabel; or, a Pilgrimage in Sicily,' by H. T. Tuckerman, Esq.; 'The Fawn's Leap: a tale of the Natchez'; and 'The Lollards.' The first of these is a very extraordinary performance. It is founded on the adventures of the early Spanish captains in America. Such minute details are given, that the author, to have qualified himself for his task, must not only have studied the characters and the deeds of the daring and cruel men who at once shed lustre and threw disgrace on the country which they represented, but the geography, peculiarities of the climate, and the manners and occupations of the aboriginal inhabitants, have been equally attended to. His characters are varied, drawn with great skill and elaborate care, and many of the scenes are in a more than common degree interesting. To enjoy it, however, more steady application and severer attention are required than most novel readers are prepared to bestow; and his dialogues, though powerful and rich in information, will be found too long by those who are eager to pass from incident to incident in the most approved modern style. It ought not to be dealt with hastily, and though not what might be expected under the name of "light reading," will well repay a careful study. This work, as well as 'Isabel' and 'The Fawn's Leap,' will be treasured by the admirers of American literature. 'The Italian,' and 'The Lollards,' are too well known to require description here. Our narrow limits will not admit of long extracts, but a specimen of 'The Damsel of Darien' we cannot refrain from transcribing. To make it understood we must premise that Garabito is at once a monster and an affected "popinjay." Buru is a dancing woman, most admirably drawn, a native of St Domingo. Her son has a playful monkey, and the mischievous animal, springing first on one and then on another, at length jumps on Garabito, to the great annoyance of his person and the utter discomposure of his fantastical finery. With his hat the monkey finally makes off. The narrative then proceeds.

"Garabito then drew his sword and made

after the criminal, who now stood upon a little point of rock, and still seemed disposed to chuckle and rejoice in his imprudence, though half conscious of the danger which he had incurred. But for his agility, he had paid for his insolence with life; leaping from point to point of the rocks around him, as Garabito approached the little wretch, still bearing the hat in triumph, mocked at the hostility which he was so able to elude, and stretching out his long paws in the manner of a wicked schoolboy, taunted the infuriated dandy to renewed efforts at overtaking him. Meanwhile the sailors, to whom the whole scene afforded nothing but delight, urged its continuance after their own fashion.

"All sail, Senor Garabito; you shall overhaul the enemy soon. You have but to weather the cape, and the game is certain. The chase slackens sail, and you shall have him at short quarters, close in shore." Such was the language of one. The encouragement of a second was bestowed upon the monkey; while a third lent his counsels to the Indian boy, who, scarcely less active than the marmoset, was pursuing him with the best prospect of success. He sprang up the heights in pursuit—put in practice sundry well-known tricks to persuade him to terms—leaped as daringly from ledge to ledge of the declivity as himself, and at length succeeded in compelling him to restore the hat which he had contrived with awkward efforts to confine upon his own head. Finding he could no longer baffle his sturdy pursuer with such an incumbrance, he hurled it to the feet of Garabito, who, exhausted with his efforts, and rendered mad by the ridicule of those around him, stood red and panting, looking emotions which the Indians too well understood to venture to approach him, while under their distracting influence. The hat still lay at his feet, as the boy, whip in hand, leaped down from the little height from which he had chased the monkey. Without speaking a word, Garabito fixed his furious gaze upon the trembling child, and simply pointed with his finger to the hat. The sign was understood, and with slow steps, that seemed to denote a lurking apprehension of danger, the boy approached, and stooping down as to raise the desired object from the earth, was seized by the vengeful Spaniard; swinging him from his feet with one hand, Garabito lifted his sword in the same instant with the other. The act was sufficiently startling and threatening in the eyes of all who remembered the atrocious notoriety which his former savage deeds had secured to his name. The astrologer was the first to cry aloud to his companion:

"God of the martyrs, Vaseo Nunez, strike in and stay his hand; he will slay the child if thou dost not."

"Such also was the fear of Buru, who was the mother of the boy. She bounded forward with a shriek, and with that animation in her fine features now which she had not worn during the whole of her picturesque performance, threw herself before the Spaniard, grasping with one hand the child, and with the other seconding the piteous prayer with which she implored his mercy.

"He will not—he dare not strike!" said Vasco Nunez, in hoarse accents, but hurrying forward as he spoke, with a degree of haste which belied his confident speech. "He will not use weapon upon the child—impossible! He is not base enough for that—he dare not before our eyes!"

"But the actions of Garabito looked full of the direst purpose. With his foot he spurned the mother from before him, with one hand held the child at full length of his arm, while throwing back the hand that held the sword, he waved the instrument aloft in order to give force to its descending sweep.

"Hold, Senor Garabito—hold, Spaniard! wretch, base, cowardly villain, hold back thine arm. Beware, lest I do to thee whatever thou dost to the child."

"The words of Vasco Nunez were too late, or only served to provoke and goad the vindictive monster to the commission of the deed. The fatal blow was given at the instant. The keen steel, aimed too unerringly and with all the bitter force of rage, went through the tender neck of the boy, severing flesh, gristle, bones, and life. The body of the victim fell quivering upon the shoulders of the mother, who still lay and grovelled at the feet of the murderer; while the head, hurled from his bloody hands, rolled among the devoted savages, who, apprehensive of like cruel treatment, ready to fly, were huddled together in fear and trembling at the edge of the rocks."

*Pawsey's Ladies' Fashionable Repository,*  
for 1844.

UTILITY and elegance have seldom been more happily combined. Enriched with many engravings and much agreeable literary amusement, we have here an Almanack, with pages for memoranda of passing events, and ruled columns to remind the fair purchasers that, while in the paths of pleasure, they must not altogether lose sight of pounds, shillings, and pence.

TEN YEARS TO COME.

TEN years to come, ten years to come,  
They whisper of the past,  
For oh! what cherish'd ones will sink,  
Beneath the deadly blast.  
Of sorrow, sickness, and of death,  
E'er winged time has flown,  
That space, which vast eternity  
So soon will call its own!

What perils on the seas will rise,  
When storms their vengeance pour,  
While shiver'd vessels strew the beach  
To swell the wrecker's store.  
Earth op'ning, spreads in caverns wide  
To fright the rocking town,  
When monuments, like stricken oaks,  
The shock will crumble down.

Of noble hearts there will be some  
More rich, more priceless than  
The wealth which India's mines illumine,  
Or human view may scan,  
Sinking 'mid cold neglect and scorn,  
Almost forgotten die,  
Or light with wild unearthly fire  
The maniac's flashing eye.

But will there not be generous deeds,  
The patriot's zeal, and all  
Th' ennobling efforts to restore  
Thousands from error's thrall?  
Oh yes, but who shall speak of that  
Which none but heaven can know,  
Those god-like sacrifices which  
Like hidden streamlets flow?

Ten years to come, ten years to come,  
We tranquilly may view,  
Its dark and light contingencies  
If to our God we're true.  
Then raging storms at sea, on shore  
Or in the tortured breast  
Will sink in peace, or waft our souls  
To everlasting rest.

Miscellaneous.

HOW TO GET AT A LADY'S AGE.—In the course of the memorable trial of Lord Baltimore, at Kingston, in March, 1768, his lordship cross-examined the prosecutrix, Sarah Woodcock, when the following questions and answers occurred:—

Lord Baltimore.—How old are you?

Sarah Woodcock.—I am *twenty-seven*.

Lord Baltimore.—Will you swear you are no older?

Sarah Woodcock.—I will swear that I am *twenty-eight*.

Lord Baltimore.—Will you swear that you are no older?

Sarah Woodcock.—I will swear that I am *that*.

Lord Baltimore.—Will you swear that you are no older?

Sarah Woodcock.—I do not know that I need to tell. I am *twenty-nine*, and that is my age; I cannot exactly tell.

Lord Baltimore.—To the best of your belief, how old are you?

Sarah Woodcock.—I believe I am *thirty* next July; I cannot be sure of that, whether I am or no.

FALSE CLAIMS TO HEAVEN.—Tenet Davidson gives the following as a sepoy's exposition of the doctrine of exclusive salvation, practically afforded to some of the Fakers at that favourite and holy spot of Hindu pilgrimage, the meeting of the Jumna and the Ganges:—"Observing that one of these impostors was surrounded by a group of sepoys clad in full uniform, and that they kicked and abused him without mercy, I rode up to interfere. 'What is the matter, my brothers?' said I. 'Why do you maltreat this poor beggar? What has he done to deserve beating and abuse?' One of them briskly approached me, and, with a countenance marked with the strongest indignation, exclaimed—'Sir, this rascal is a *chumâr* (a low caste, dealing in hides of animals, cutting up carrion and the like), and I am a *chuntree*! (a Rajpoot). What right has he to defile this holy ground? If he should die of any disease contracted here, the villain would most assuredly claim the merit of having died at the Tribènee, and thus get to hea-



ven! a low scoundrel like that! Is this to be endured? Do you suppose that we have no proper sense of religion to allow such desecration?"

**THE NEW RIVER.**—The stream so called, from which so many thousands of the inhabitants of London drink every day, derives its origin from a natural Artesian spring at Chadwell, and an arm of the river Lea, between Hertford and Ware. Under an act of parliament granted by Queen Elizabeth for "cutting and conveying a river from one part of Middlesex or Hertfordshire to the city of London," Sir Hugh Middleton, in 1608, undertook to extend its course to London. He employed, at his own expense, several hundred workmen, and, after five years' labour, the river was carried from its origin, Hertfordshire, in a rounding course to Islington, a distance of about sixty miles, and there he built a large cistern to receive it. This was the first reservoir for water established in the metropolis, and was opened accordingly with all due ceremony. "When the water was brought to the cistern," says Burton, "but not as yet let in, on Michaelmas-day, 1613, in the afternoon Sir Thomas Middleton, brother to Sir Hugh, being that day elected lord mayor, Sir John Swinerton, Sir Thomas and Sir Henry Montague, the recorder, with divers other aldermen and citizens, rode to see the cistern and the waters first issuing therein, at which time a troop of about three score labourers, well apparelled and wearing green Monmouth caps, all alike armed with spades, shovels, pickaxes, and such instruments of labour, marched thrice round the cistern, the drums beating before them, and then presented themselves before the mount, where the lord mayor and aldermen stood to behold them; and after one of them made a handsome speech on the occasion, the floodgates flew open, and the stream ran cheerfully into the cistern, drums and trumpets sounding all the while in a triumphant manner, and a brave peal of muskets concluded the entertainments."

**TEKISH MARRIAGES.**—A child of twelve or thirteen years of age is snatched from the home of her parents, and consigned to the keeping of an insolent and ill-mannered boy only a few years older. She must herself have become a mother before the rules of Eastern etiquette (not indeed always strictly observed) allow her to enjoy again a mother's converse. In the meantime she remains generally under the guardianship of her mother-in-law, and is exposed to all the rudeness and caprice of her boy-husband. At times, if his victim show no immediate signs of becoming a mother, he takes it into his head to repudiate her; in which case she returns to her parents' house, where she must wait for three months to see whether her

husband is pleased to repent his precipitate conduct, and to demand her back again. Twice the husband may repudiate his wife and demand her back; but after the third time he cannot, according to the laws of Islamism, receive her again until she have been the wife of another.

**ANECDOTES OF MR MOORE.**—In his younger days, being in Grattan's company, the latter was holding forth on the servility of literary men, and the manner in which they almost universally prostituted their talents to the great and powerful. He appeared to exclude no one from this sweeping censure; but, suddenly recollecting himself, he continued, "but there are some exceptions;" and, turning to Mr Moore, who stood near him, and patting him kindly on the shoulder, he said, "I'm wrong; my young friend here is one who wears his hat before the king."—At a reform dinner, Mr Moore's health having been drank, he rose to return thanks, and was received with enthusiasm. He ventured, in the progress of his speech, to say, "England will not permit so large a segment of her orb as Ireland to remain for ever shrouded in darkness." He expected this sentiment to awaken a few cheers of sympathy; but there was a dead silence. It was evident he had entered upon forbidden ground: he therefore sounded a retreat, and slipping gently into some other subject, restored harmony. He could not, however, avoid feeling surprise at such a result, and after he had sat down he asked of some person who sat next him, a stranger, what could be the reason that sentiment about Ireland was received with so much coldness? "Ah, sir!" said the other, "Irishmen and pigs are very unpopular all along this line."—*Life of Griffin.*

**NOURISHING QUALITY OF SUGAR.**—M. C. Chossat, in a communication to the Paris Academy on the effects of sugar in diet, states that he made seventeen experiments on dogs, and ascertained that in some cases the sugar tended to fatten the animal, and in others turned to bile. In the first case there was in general a tendency to constipation; in the other, the bowels were relaxed. The author observes that milk as well as sugar has the tendency of fattening or creating bile, according to the different systems of the persons who use it exclusively, or make it the principal article of food; and that where bile is thus created a diarrhoea ensues, which causes a wasting of the solids. The value of his experiments consists in their having been made under circumstances favourable to the elucidation of the question as to the degree to which this article may be used in diet with due regard for health. Few of our own species have ever made sugar exclusively their diet; and we have had comparatively but uncertain evidence as to its effects. The

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reporter in 'Galignani' observes, that the celebrated Bolivar had, by fatigue and privations, so injured the tone of his stomach that he was unable at times to take any other food than sugar, which in his case was easy of digestion. It has been stated by his personal friends, that in some of his last campaigns he would live for weeks together upon sugar alone as a solid, with pure water as a liquid; but, probably, in 999 cases out of 1,000, this diet would have soon brought the person adopting it to the grave; for although the nutritive powers of sugar are well known, inasmuch as saccharine matter forms one of the bases of our sustenance, yet it is equally true that with many the excessive use of sugar brings on indigestion in its worst forms.

**SIZE OF TREES.**—Our native woods often contain noble specimens, of which the bulk is ten or twelve feet in diameter, a width greater by three feet than the carriage-way of Fetter lane near Temple bar; and oaks might be named on the block of which two men could thresh without incommode one another. The famous Greendale Oak is pierced by a road, over which it forms a triumphal arch, higher by several inches than the poets' postern at Westminster Abbey. The celebrated table in Dudley Castle, which is formed of a single oaken plank, is longer than the wooden bridge that crosses the lake in the Regent's park; and the roof of the great hall of Westminster, which is spoken of with admiration on account of its vast span, being unsupported by a single pillar, is little more than one-third the width of the noble canopy of waving branches that are upheld by the Workop Oak. The massive rafters of the spacious roof rest on strong walls, but the branches of the tree spring from one common centre.

### The Gatherer.

**Important Discovery.**—M. Baldicconi (of Vienna) has discovered that by a solution of real ammoniac and corrosive sublimate a hardness equal to stone is given to articles immersed in it, and that without destroying their original colour. Some years since a discovery of this kind was made, and while the purchase of the secret was pending, the party died. It has been the study of many philosophers to re-discover this important secret, and M. Baldicconi has fortunately succeeded.

**Statistics of Agriculture.**—(From the census of England and Wales, 1843.)—**Waste Land.**—There are 3,450,000 acres of waste in England and 530,000 acres in Wales capable of improvement. **Rent of Land.**—The following shows the average value of land per statute acre: In Berks, 19s. 10d.; Devon, 15s.; Dorset, 17s. 1d.; Somerset,

25s. 10d.; Southampton, 13s. 10d.; Surrey, 15s. 6d.; Sussex, 13s.; Wilts, 20s. 6d.;—average of England, 18s. 10d.; average of Wales, 9s. 5d.; average of England and Wales, 17s. 8d.

**Earthquake.**—An alarming earthquake has left terror and suffering in Ragusa; and the island of Nias, situate to the westward of Sumatra, has undergone a still more dreadful visitation of the same scourge, which has overthrown several hundreds of houses, the Government house, the hotel of the Military Commandant, and three churches; and left an awful list of 1,500 persons killed or wounded. A large part of the hill on which the citadel stood, which contained a garrison of about 300 men, was thrown down, and the land on the sea-border was submerged.

**Medal of the Queen.**—The Paris mint has just struck a very fine medal in commemoration of the visit of Queen Victoria to the Château d'Eu. On the obverse is the profile of the young Sovereign of Great Britain, and on the reverse the following legend:—"S. M. Victoria, Reine d'Angleterre, visite S. M. Louis Philippe, Roi des Français, au Château d'Eu, en Septembre, 1843." The die was cut by M. Borrel. The king has ordered, of M. Davéria, for the next annual exhibition at the Louvre, a picture representing the ceremony of inaugurating the statue of Henri Quatre at Pau.

**Destruction of Relics.**—At the coronation of George the Fourth a fine monument of Anne of Denmark, queen of James the First, Great Britain's Solomon, was at one fell swoop pulled down and carted away. Its choice marble columns and statuary were long exposed for sale in a mason's yard near the Wooden bridge at Pinlico! This superb monument is the subject of one of the finely-engraved plates in Dart's 'History of Westminster Abbey.' It can be proved that, in the same sacred edifice, at a date not more or less remote than that of the last coronation, the splendid monumental brass of John of Salisbury was torn up and stolen! It can be proved that another kind of monument, the records of the city of London, have been in part sold out of the Guildhall itself for waste paper. —*Smith's Collectanea.*

**Egyptian Houses.**—There is something in an Egyptian house singularly fantastic to a European eye. Not only the several wings and excrescences are perpetually at cross-purposes, but even the different parts of one and the same room look as though they were about to go to loggerheads with one another, there being a constant struggle for precedence and ascendancy between the several portions of the same floor. In planning a street and grouping his houses the presiding idea of an Eastern architect is to arrange matters so that it may not

be possible from the windows of one house to pry into those of another. This task, of course, it is not always possible to accomplish; in which case, not only are the windows masked by railings of carved wood, but the light of heaven and the glances of the curious are farther impeded by the interposition of stained glass.

*The Land Tax.*—This is equally borne by the property in towns and the estates of the landed aristocracy. In one form or another it has existed since the Normans introduced the feudal government into this country. Under the Commonwealth it became a permanent money tax on the land. Four years after the Revolution a new survey and valuation were made; which survey and valuation, notwithstanding the vast increase in the value of the land, have never been altered to the present day. In the reign of Queen Anne the tax on the survey and valuation of King William was rated at four shillings in the pound of the rent, and this has never been exceeded in a period of more than 130 years; so that, even where the tax has not been redeemed, the original four shillings scarcely amounts to a sixpence.

*Thames Water.*—In the course of the parliamentary inquiry which took place some time ago it was proved that, between Chelsea Hospital and London bridge, the contents of more than 100 common sewers emptied themselves into the Thames. Furthermore, instead of this mass of filth being swept into the ocean by every ebb of the tide, it appeared that after being carried about thirty miles by every ebb tide, the same water returns by the flood, so that a constant flux and reflux of the abomination was established. "The Thames," observed Mr Mills in his evidence, "is neither more nor less than the common sewer of London."

*How to Live Long and Joyously.*—The wonderful story of Louis Cornaro teaches a fine moral lesson. He was infirm and fearfully passionate in his youth, and addicted, like most of the young men of his clime and period, to intemperance; but perceiving the injurious consequences of indulging in excesses of temper and sensuality, he changed the whole course of his life, and, submitting himself to regular and severe discipline, vanquished his dangerous inclinations, became one of the most hearty and cheerful men of his age, and expired gently in his arm-chair, after having survived his hundredth year.

*Oriental Modesty.*—Even from a physician, to whom an Eastern woman is sufficiently unreserved in every other respect, the face must be carefully concealed. "My face thou must not see, for then I should have shown thee my whole heart," she will say; and if the nature of her illness makes

it indispensable that the face, the mirror of the heart, should be seen, it is usually uncovered piecemeal, first one cheek and then the other, but never the whole at once.

*The Duke of Wellington's Last Triumph.*—The following is a literal account of part of a conversation held with a young man of twenty-one:—"Did you ever hear tell of the Duke of Wellington?" "No,—but I seed his shape once." "Did you see it over a public-house door?" "No; I seed it ridin' on a jackass, with a pair o' owd boots on, and a pipe in his mouth." "And where did this happen?" "Why at Marsden;"—where, as I subsequently gathered, this effigy of his grace had been paraded on the occasion of some political excitement.—*Chaplain's Report on the Preston House of Correction.*

—An ancient coffin was discovered some time since in the cemetery of Lens (Pas de Calais). The body, which fell to dust when exposed to the air, was supposed to have been that of a person of rank, from a certain quantity of jewels found with it. They consist of a pair of earrings, a brooch, two cloak-clasps, a large pin, and a bulla or medallion, all of gold. The clasps are covered over with a fine tracery of gold, giving the appearance of net-work. The whole of these articles were submitted to the Historical Committee of Paris. The opinion given by the committee is, that the objects date from the time of the Merovingian race, and that they formed the ornaments of a princess.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Nitre*, commonly called *saltpetre*, is formed in great abundance on the surface of the earth, more particularly in India, South America, and Africa. In Germany and France it is obtained from artificial nitre beds, which consist of the refuse of animal and vegetable bodies undergoing decomposition. When oxygen gas is presented to azote, at the instant of its disengagement nitric acid is formed which seems to explain the origin of these acid beds. The azote disengaged from these putrefying substances combines with the oxygen of the air, and the potash, probably, partly being furnished by decomposed vegetable matter, forms the nitre in question. It is obtained in a marketable form by lixiviating the earthy matters with water, and when sufficiently saturated pouring it off. The salt is collected in brown crystals by evaporating the water by repeated processes, the nitre is obtained in a pure form.

R. W. must be blind if he does not see many costly and valuable additions have been supplied, which might console a reasonable observer for the absence of what he is pleased to say, formerly "threw luster" on 'The Mirror,' but which has not been neglected.

Natural Magic next week.

Many communications omitted in the present number will be attended to at the same time.

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